

THE COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

A JOURNAL OF
LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

"The task of an author is, either to teach what is not known or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them."
Dr. Johnson.

"Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism."
Washington's Farewell Letter.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1822.

No. 9.

To our Patrons and the Public.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

THE Editors announced their intention a short time ago, of issuing the *Columbian Observer* twice a week, in its present form, to commence on the first of October next. They have since come to a determination, to alter its form from a Quarto to a Folio of four pages; and encouraged by the very flattering augmentation of their Subscription list, as well as moved by a desire, to comply with the earnest solicitations of their friends; they have resolved to anticipate the period before fixed upon for its enlargement, and propose accordingly, to publish it twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, to commence on the first of August ensuing.

The Editors are induced to make this enlargement of their Journal, from a full conviction of its superior advantages, and usefulness. They have already received numerous applications for the insertion of *Advertisements*, which their want of space has compelled them to decline. The same cause, has likewise hindered them from giving that signal attention to our diversified *Political* concerns, which the peculiarity of the juncture so emphatically demands. Our narrow limits too, have altogether prevented us, from making that variety of *Literary* selections, which, in the present age, forms so essential a part of popular reading. For the same reason, we have necessarily been obliged to neglect the state of our *Commercial relations*; and what we consider as of paramount and deep interest to the people, the *Manufacturing* concerns of the nation, now so prosperous in their infancy, and so fundamentally important to the commercial independence, and prosperity of the republic.

In our enlarged form, all these deficiencies we hope to be able to supply, according to our ability. The special object of our new plan, is increased usefulness; to bring it home, in a more direct manner, to *mens' business and bosoms*; to blend the *Literary, Political, and Commercial* features of a Public Journal, in a new and more pleasing form; so that it may equally serve, as a vehicle for the man of business, a resource for the man of Letters, and a recreation for the man of Leisure. If we can combine those purposes, we think we supply a desideratum, that has long been felt as a considerable privation. The attempt

at least merits the liberal encouragement of an enlightened community.

Newspapers have hitherto maintained a character altogether arbitrary and artificial. We intend no disparagement to our brethren, in making a bold experiment to improve their utility. In a Journal that comes into the hands of every variety of readers, we conceive nothing to be inadmissible, which is accordant to truth and decorum. Profound disquisitions, or frivolous effusions intended merely for amusement, are equally proper topics for a popular journal. Science, Art, Trade, Agriculture, Manufactures, are all within the legitimate scope of a publication; and having instruction, information, and amusement for its objects; and perfectly compatible with the fullest attention to Politics and polite learning.

With this view of the subject, and under these impressions, the Editors solicit the patronage of an enlightened and liberal community.—In Politics, we shall always, in principles and in measures, act in the strictest harmony with *Constitutional Republicanism*, aloof from faction, and ready at all times, to sacrifice public men of treacherous conduct, to the safety, freedom and preservation of the Republic.

Advertisements, (which as well as *Communications* are respectfully solicited) will be inserted on the *usual terms*, with particular care. *Literary* essays, political discussions, poetic effusions, and whatever else may have a tendency to amuse or instruct the reader, or promote the public welfare, will be thankfully received, either through the Post-Office (*paid*) or in the Letter box at the office of Publication, No. 121, Chesnut-street.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL,

OR THE HUMOURISTS.—BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

A Medley.

THIS is a very elegantly printed Book, in two Octavo volumes, making altogether about seven hundred pages, which might, and we may go so far as to say, ought to have been comprised in 300 pages 12mo. This catch-penny form of the publication, however, we impute not as a fault to the author; it may, perhaps, rest solely with our American publishers; but be the fault where it may, it mer-

its, and we doubt not will receive, universal reprobation, for very obvious and sufficient reasons, equally affecting the integrity of the trade, and the diffusion of polite Literature.

In the present instance, too, we regret to say, that the intrinsic merits of this work, are entirely out of proportion to the imposing and expensive form given to it. It is every way inferior, far inferior, to any of the prior productions of the same author. It lacks the vivacity, spirit, wit, and humour of *Salmagundi*; and though similar in character and style to the *Sketch-Book*, of which it forms a sort of continuation, yet it sinks infinitely below it, both in sprightliness of fancy, and power of diction. It possesses a *sameness*, therefore, a monotony, without being characterized by the same excellence that is far from being agreeable; for while it shows a uniformity of design, it at the same time, unhappily presents a recurrence of the same ideas, and train of thought, which by repetition, have become trite and irksome.

Had Mr. Irving never produced another volume but *Bracebridge Hall*, we should feel disposed to praise it without stint. If we could forget all that he has written, we should be better pleased with the work before us. But it is always painful to witness intellectual decay, and literary declension. If we could rase from the memory the impressions of his past works, we should not be sensible of his having copied his own ideas, repeated his own descriptions, and dwelt upon a theme made threadbare by his own harping on it. But such things we cannot forget; and it gives us pain to be compelled to declare, that he has disappointed our justly high expectations, and mortified us by mediocrity, where it was least looked for.

The work before us is new in nothing; neither in design, nor colouring, in characters, nor sentiment; in fancy, nor in language. It is an assemblage of distinct *Sketches* of character, a Medley, without the merit of wit, or originality. Something like a story, however, is attempted to be maintained throughout it, but it is still subordinate to the paramount object of *Sketching*, and consequently does not keep up sufficient interest in the mind of the reader, to excite his curiosity to the end. Indeed, we never took up a volume, that we could with so much pleasure lay down, without a wish to resume it. It is neither Romance, nor Fiction, Fact, History, or any thing of a definite and tangible nature. A multitude of characters, are to be sure, described; but you read the description without interest, and cease to remember it the moment after. And this we conceive to be owing, not so much to want of Fancy in the writer, as to want of *Feeling*, the absence of that pathos and sensibility, which is indispensable to impart a glowing picture, so as to thrill the nerves, and leave a lasting impression upon the mind of the reader.

The materials of this publication are, we think, too frivolous for the importance of a separate volume. They should have been published in some periodical work, before they were thus paraded in the majesty of an Octavo. Some of the *Sketches* occupy but two pages of this meadow-margin tome of gigantic type; and remind us of that Chapter of a Book, mentioned by Dr. Johnson, which contained but *six words*. In a space of 226 pages there are 26 separate sketches. Short and sweet, says the proverb; but in this instance, we opine it will scarcely hold—and such pages too! But we shall say no more upon that point.

There is a time of life, in the minds of men, which seems to determine forever, their real genius, character, and extent. That time, in our opinion, has arrived to Mr. Irving. The work before us may be considered as deciding beyond further doubt, or dispute, the true nature and limits of his genius. In the lust of his Literary ambition, he has passed the *Rubicon*, and proclaimed himself an inveterate and settled painter of *still life*; for even his pictures of the human kind, describe their persons, rather than their minds. His portraits are altogether destitute of *passion, animation, expression*. His fort lies in a lower trait—the person, apparel, and manners of the characters he depicts; but the *soul* he cannot reach; we perceive neither *heart* nor *mind*, in any of his personages. This is his great fault, and it is a fault fatal to excellence and splendour. His tedious *still life* scenes, wrought with great labour, minutely filled up, and industriously polished, will in despite of their neatness, always tire on the mind.

The Student of Salamanca is an exception, in general, to these remarks, and appears to be scarcely the production of the same pen. It merits to be taken out of these volumes, and placed in an honourable habitation by itself. It is uncommonly interesting; replete with pathos, sentiment, and fine painting.—The Alchemist of the Tower, however, is a palpable imitation of the same character in *Kenilworth Castle*, with but a slight shade of variation. Indeed, the coincidences are striking in too many parts, to be the mere result, either of accident, or a similar train of ideas, unconscious of imitation. Mr. Irving, however, is a reader of the Waverly Novels, and may not have been sufficiently circumspect in adopting, what he doubtless has much admired. Sterility is certainly not one of the defects of his genius; and we would rather find an excuse for these resemblances, than ascribe them to absolute plagiarism, for they are too similar for imitations. We object, however, in strong and severe terms, to the *attempt* at wit, in the concluding part of the story, which after all, only terminates in a *vulgarism*. We allude to the *pishing* of the General, in his sleep, which, to say the least of it; is not a breach of decorum sufficiently equivocal, to pass without censure.—In future I pry'thee avoid it.—

His style is pure, but rather too exact, too trim, too delicate to produce vivid impressions. He appears, in this respect, to be absolutely *corsetted in the classics*; lest he should trip, and by a bold phrase, expose his *Yankeeism*. When we say his style is pure, we do not mean that his phraseology is always unexceptionable. He frequently debases his style by colloquial phrases, and frivolous idioms, without producing either wit, or humour, and where no adaptation of such diction to the character is required; for he rarely makes those speak, whom he is only studious to paint.

A more insipid harping upon the *tender passion*, and the *Fair Julia*, we never endured before; without having one genuine love trait, or natural character, to admire. We suspect Mr. Irving to know nothing of Love, save in *speculation*, and the visions of a poet's fancy. If so, he had better describe something more within the reach of his genius, and more congenial to the barren heart of a bachelor, than the divine passion.

It will not take long to convince the public, that the *Historian of Knickerbocker*, who was once an American, in mind, heart, and principles, has gained nothing to his

powers, whatever addition he may have made to his fortune, by becoming an *Englishman*.^{*} It certainly cannot prove flattering to the inspiring genius of our transatlantic rivals, that Mr. Irving's least meritorious work, has been written under views, feelings, and fancies exclusively and enthusiastically English. Indeed we know not what would become of him, if he were again to attempt a Yankee subject, in this plain, homely, and simple land of Republican liberty. With no Castles, no Halls, no Abbeys, no Londons, no regular established Aristocracy, to inspire him, we fear he would make but a sorry figure: for how could we supply him gothic apartments, stately equipages, long trains of domestics, a long line of ancestry, or the ancient sports of the royal fields of England? And how could he dispense with objects which in the production before us, constitute its very spirit, form, and complexion?

We regret deeply, that Mr. Irving should have immured his fancy among the frivolous ornaments of monarchical rank; and taken, as it appears, an eternal farewell of Republican American. In going over from the *untrod* fields of our native Literature, where all his wild but sublime and beautiful, to the beaten and trite paths of English manners, and antiquated customs; we think he has made an exchange that is most inauspicious to his future fame. On the subjects he has chosen in *Bracebridge Hall*, he can reap no harvest of glory, because English writers of superior genius, and far better information, have gone before him sweeping every particle of fame, or credit, to be gleaned from those sources. After the ample and minute descriptions of *Hawking* and *Falconry*, which we have had from the pen of the *Waverly Novelist*, what writer, save Mr. Irving would have ventured to touch the same themes with the faintest hope of success? That he has not succeeded, we do most dogmatically affirm, because he falls short of *Waverly*, and seems to have imitated him in more passages

^{*} "Brought up, says this writer in the work now before us, as I have been, in Republican habits and principles, [how could he desert them?] I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for *titled rank* merely because it is titled. But I trust I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I do see and feel, how HEREDITARY DISTINCTION, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not think himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being, [Like us miserable and poor Republicans!] He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honourable anticipation, [My right honourable daughter!] He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity." Good God! what wretched sophistry! what a humiliating apostasy for an American Republican! What degrading sighs for title and rank! What an apology for *Hereditary Distinction*, and *nobility* holes, to come from a citizen of the United States! Well may we apply the lines of the English Poet to the American apostate.

At this entrance'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Speaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies;
"Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then happy man who shows the Tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family;
He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edward's talk.
And get by speaking truth of Monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.
"Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! strangely low,
"And course of phrase,—your Yankees all are so.
"How elegant your *Englishman*?" Mine, d'ye mean?
"I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean,

POPE.

than one. The sketch of *Hawking*, is a palpable *imitation*, to leave out of the question all *insinuations* of plagiarism. We may include the little introductory of four pages, in the same remark.—To satisfy the reader upon this point, we shall quote a few lines from the first named Sketch, without citing the analogous passage from one of the *Waverly Novels*, merely to give him a chance of turning to the picture in the latter, without our assistance. This is the part we select from among a great number.

—"She sat lightly and gracefully in her saddle, her plumes dancing and waving in the air; and the group had a charming effect as they appeared and disappeared among the trees, cantering along with the bounding animation of youth."

Now, far be it from us to insinuate that the author has been gleaned from the novels of *Waverly*, for from the beginning to the end of those productions, we hear not a breath of the *Fair Julia*; and in the volumes before us, we hear nothing so often. We pledge ourselves that the *Fair Julia* is no plagiarism; nor is she a Yankee original—but an *Ancestral Fair*.

It is a serious charge to make, but we do verily think Mr. Irving has not improved in *Taste*, by his residence in England. We could give many illustrative instances of this fact, were it necessary; but one, in our estimation, is equal to a million. We mean that species of *Taste*, which is exercised rather in the *choice* of a subject, than in its decoration; although he shows some deficiency in both. Now what shall we say of his description of a *Stable Yard on a rainy day*? Pope in the *Dunciad*, has drawn a fine picture of a temple.

"Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease."

But it is pardonable, because it is burlesque. Not so, however, with Mr. Irving, to whom the *Stable Yard* appears a very *serious* business, for he allows it to throw a *blue haze* of blue-devils around his head. The description, however, will best *speak for itself*; and as we decidedly prefer *cleaner* subjects, we are, of course, *partial* Judges in the case. One thing we must remark—we never expected such a picture in one of the *prettiest printed Octavos*, that ever issued from the American press.

"I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked^{*} about by travellers and stable boys; in one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an *island of muck*; there were several half drowned fowls, crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted as it were into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back. Near the cart was a half-doing cow, chewing the cud, and *standing patiently to be rained on*, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an *unhappy cur*, chained to a dog house, hard by, uttered *something*, every now and then, *between a bark and a yelp*; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky a

^{*} "This is tossing about his dung with a writer said of Virgil."

every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor."

This description, may, perhaps, by some be termed fine writing. Heaven save the mark! We cannot gainsay the taste of such readers. But we do aver, that with the judicious, it will pass for what it is really worth—very little. The language used is colloquial, trite, and inelegant; the subjects chosen are vulgar, unclean, and offensive. The pictures of the Cock and the Cow, may be said to be *natural*; but still they are too low, and too trite subjects for any volume, that aspires above a toy for children. There is in the whole description, not one new idea, or feature, beyond what any other writer would have produced. It is a *natural*, but it is not a *poetical* description. We see the objects, but we do not see them animated; so that it is in fact dull and vapid, with all its accuracy. Some of the words used are improper, as for example, an *unhappy* dog, a *miserable* cock, a *patient* cow. What *something* there is between a *bark* and a *yelp*, we cannot readily conceive, without the assistance of a chained puppy, from which heaven defend us. *A crew of hard-drinking Ducks* round a puddle, is indubitably a noble, a beautiful theme, for a great author. Such trifles may pass well enough in satirical rhyme, like *Swift's*, but in sober, solemn prose, it *out Herod's Herod*."

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

(Continued from page 58.)

THE characteristic traits of the Military genius of the Hero of Orleans, were now for the first time to develop themselves, and surprise mankind by a display of energy, promptness, and decision, conjoined to an entire devotion to his duty, fearless of all consequences, attending its strict discharge, which has seldom been witnessed since the purest ages of ancient patriotism.

Upon his encamping at Natchez, the first attention of General Jackson was to the discipline and improvement of his band of patriotic followers, an object to which he was exclusively devoted, as the most imperative of all military duties, and without which, an army is but a rabble, led to be butchered, not marched to battle. While he was busily engaged in the full prosecution of this laudable scheme; solely intent upon the perilous service to which he believed himself really destined, what was his surprise, disappointment, and mortification, at receiving from General Armstrong, then Secretary at War, an order "to dismiss his volunteers, and deliver all public property in his possession to Major General Wilkinson."

This order, Jackson very nobly refused to obey.

No man could more highly appreciate in the abstract, the virtue of Military obedience and subordination, than General Jackson. But he was aware, that a Commander of an Army, however small his forces, is not, like the common Soldier, a mere machine. He is the guardian and protector of his men, as well as their commander: and as the authority that issues its mandate at a distance, must necessarily be ignorant of the situation and circumstances of a remote force, a blind obedience to such commands, would rather denote madness than wisdom. The army of Jackson was five hundred miles from home; a great proportion were on the sick list; numbers were too destitute to travel, and numbers must therefore have perished, if the order had been complied with. To escape the odium of disobedience of orders, he was to be guilty of inhumanity, cruelty, and ingratitude, towards men, whose sole interest in volunteering their services, was the glory of defending their Country, and defeating its enemies.

A compliance with the order of the War Department, seemed the dictate both of prudence and of duty, to common observers; and an ordinary character, to whom self-interest was a paramount object, would, no doubt, instantly have obeyed it, and under the plausible co-

lour of duty, would have sacrificed his men, to all the horrors of famine, sickness, and a lingering death, while he was at the same time applauded for his fidelity and subordination. Jackson, however, was formed of nobler qualities; and while as a soldier, he was ever ready to submit to the orders of superior authority, yet as a man, the feelings of compassion, sympathy, and benevolence, prompted him to refuse to be the instrument of misery and injustice to those under his command. In regard to himself, he thought not of the consequences of his conduct; it was only as it affected his little band of patriots, that he considered it; and perceiving that it would plunge them in unavoidable wretchedness, he nobly resolved to save them from destruction at the peril of his life. This peril was not trifling; and the means that were practised to shake his resolution, rendered the execution of his disobedience, by no means either pleasant, or easy. But all threats to intimidate, all gloomy forebodings of the fatal consequences of such an act of temerity, were urged in vain, to shake the mind of Jackson from its firm purpose, never to desert his companions in arms. With the godlike fortitude of a Roman hero, was he prepared for every event. He broke up his encampment; he refused to deliver up the public property; and at the head of his troops, more vexed in spirit than depressed by fatigue, he marched them through a wilderness of five hundred miles extent, to the place where he had taken the command of them. He arrived at Nashville, with his army, in April 1813, harassed, fatigued, and covered with chagrin; having endured all the toil and hardships; and more than the vexations of a campaign, without reaping a single laurel to decorate their brows. To Jackson, indeed, it proved more glorious than a Victory, for he had saved, not destroyed the lives of thousands by his courage, fortitude, and resolution. Arrived at Nashville, his first step was to immediately disband his army.

Thus, from the very offset of his military career, we perceive how the measures and exploits of this great man, have been attempted to be marred, and his fame crushed, by the despicable intrigues of the envious, through the power of official interference, and cabinet influence. It is a singular fact, though not an unaccountable one, that Jackson should, from the first to the latest moment of his appearance in a public character, be the object of systematic persecution, to the Eunuchs of the Palace, who possessing power without genius or merit, seek to revenge their mortification, by the humiliation of transcendent talent. Throughout the whole course of his life, we are struck with the wisdom and address displayed by Jackson, in baffling the insidious slanders of those political parasites; and behold with admiration, that Roman energy and fortitude, which carried him so successfully through a perilous opposition to the mandates of authority, when hostile to the good of his Country. On this occasion, as on every other, his disobedience of orders was approved by the Executive, his conduct ratified, and his expenditures liquidated.

The dangers, however, which had before drawn Jackson from the shades of retirement, again menaced the Country, to cause his return to her defence. The barbarous animosity of the British, still continued to excite the savages on our frontiers, to blood, butchery, and extermination. Simultaneously with the piratical attacks of the English upon our coasts, did the Creek Indians, incited by the same power, menace with the tomahawk and the scalping knife, the borders of Tennessee, Georgia, and Mississippi. Aided with arms and ammunition, both by the Spaniards and the British, they presented a formidable array to a naked and defenceless population, thinly scattered over an immense tract of border settlements. Acting on the defensive, we had not to wait long, for a powerful cause to excite all our dormant energies, and awaken us to ample vengeance. The massacre of Fort Mimms, in the settlement of Tensaw, (Mississippi,) in August 1813, was the horrid signal to war. Out of three hundred and seventy persons, seventeen only escaped, to recite the fate of their companions. The massacre was indiscriminate and awful. Women and children who had resorted there for protection, together with the sick and disabled, equally fell before the bloody tomahawk of the Savage; a dreadful spectacle of woe to humanity, and an inciting cause of retribution to the government.

In this awful moment of peril and alarm, General Jackson presented himself, as the Saviour of the Western Country, and the valiant vindicator of his country's rights. Governor Blount immediately ordered him to call out two thousand Militia, and march them to Fayetteville, preparatory to active operations against the Creeks. Although disabled by wounds, and debilitated in health, yet he repaired to the assistance of his country, without delay, and instantly assumed the command of the Militia, that was destined to crush forever the power of the Indian Nations on our southern borders. Jackson resolved immediately on active warfare, and accordingly penetrated with almost unexampled rapidity, into the heart of the Creek wilderness. The Victory of *Tullushatchee*, on the first November, was the first advantage that followed the vigorous measures of Jackson; in which

200 Creeks warriors were left dead on the field, and the number of wounded must have been proportionably great. On the seventh of the same month, his arms were again crowned with victory, at the battle of *Talladega*, where 300 of the enemy were killed; while his own loss, in both encounters, was so wonderfully trifling, as to startle even the credulous in its belief.

His career of conquests, however, was now arrested by an event of the most mortifying nature, to a spirited and enterprising commander. The *Contractors*, who from time immemorial have been the canker-worms of the Military, had failed, either from avarice, or fraud, to furnish the necessary supplies; and a new enemy, in the direst of all shapes, that of *Famine*, now threatened his army with worse horrors than death. A spirit of discontent and mutiny, in the Volunteers, was the natural consequence of this destitution of provisions; and wanting an excuse for their insubordination, they readily found one, in the supposed expiration of their term of service. The mutiny at length spread throughout the entire army, so as to require one half of it to guard the other. In this state of ferment, he ordered the troops to be marched home and disbanded; remaining himself, with a select band, as a restraint upon the depredations of the Savages.

Notwithstanding this desertion of his troops, in a season of peril, and in a position of imminent danger, Jackson was not without resources. The ties of friendship supplied what patriotism refused to yield. A small force of 200 men, chiefly officers, personally attached to him, remained at his quarters. Undismayed by the darkness which surrounded him, Jackson stood prepared for every emergency; and while intrigue was busy to tear from his brows the wreath of glory, by weakening his forces, and exposing him to ignominious defeat, his undaunted spirit was active in devising means to prosecute the war, to a successful and brilliant issue. In this manner, were his great talents, his firmness, his sagacity, and his fortitude, finally destined to vanquish the plots of his foes, and at the same time, defeat and overthrow the hostile attacks aimed against his country.

On the second January 1814, Jackson being joined by Colonel Carroll, and a body of fresh recruits from Tennessee and the State of Mississippi, he instantly concerted measures for opening the campaign with redoubled celerity and vigour. His force now amounted to only 800 men, but with these he determined again to penetrate into the heart of the Creek nation. With that energy and rapid movement that have always distinguished him, he came up with a large body of the Indians at *Emuckfau*, on the twenty second January, whom he defeated with great slaughter. On the twenty fourth, but two days after, he again encountered them at *Enotachopco*, a village of the Hilla-bee nation; where his arms were crowned with equal and signal success. For the purpose of a more strict discipline of his army, and to render them more efficient in active operations, he afterwards concentrated his forces at Fort Strother, in February. In this situation, the contractors, a second time, failed in their supplies, and once more threatened his troops with all the horrors of famine, in the midst of one of the most abundant countries upon Earth. The energy and resources of Jackson, were not to be prostrated even by the most intense of all calamities. He resolved to place no more reliance upon this source of supply, and instantly put measures in train, to furnish his troops, by his own immediate agents, leaving the Contractors to be responsible for the cost, or to liquidate the accounts.

(Communicated by Dr. Quizman.)

THE PANACEA, NO. III.

"As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a *wind mill* all his figure spread."

From the afflicting condition in which I had left my friend Peter (the Distressed Dandy) at his lodgings, I was extremely anxious about his welfare, and waited upon him early the next morning. The clock had just struck ten, as I entered his room. I found him that moment rising, assisted in his toilet by a French servant, who took all the care of him, which a lady could take of a lap-dog. Peter was exceedingly overjoyed to see me; and taking up a newspaper, I pretended not to observe the *mysteries* of his toilet. But what pencil could describe them!—He appeared extremely debilitated; and the first thing done by his Franc, (for such he was called) was to pour his master

a glass of—*renovation*. I now found that his teeth, which had so attracted my admiration, were all artificial, being Patent productions of Mr. *Plantou*, the Dentist. He appeared pale and cadaverous, but Franc in a moment spread a most fascinating bloom upon his cheeks. The curling irons were next applied; and his Corsets and cravat drawn by Franc, to a tightness just sufficient to allow of breathing.—He always breakfasted in his chamber; and the utensils being introduced, he soon dispatched a single cup of pecco tea, and one bite from a buttered roll. I enquired if it was loss of appetite that caused this Ancho-rite meal. He answered no; but he was engaged at half past 11, at Rubicam's to a luncheon. Perceiving, therefore, that I had no time to lose, I immediately commenced enquiries respecting the incidents of his life, since I had left him at the University of Frothall, a spare, delicate, and sickly looking youth.—Peter, who is far from being either taciturn, or reserved, lost no time in imparting a full account of what I so earnestly desired to become acquainted with.

"You know it was the legacy of my Uncle said he, in answer to my question, that drew me so suddenly from College. I thought fifty thousand, an exhaustless sum; in fact, it is no trifle. I longed to begin the pleasures of life; I panted for an opportunity of spending. To return to my father's, a small house in a small village, was out of the question. The fame of Philadelphia for good eating, good drinking, and handsome women, irresistibly attracted me here. I brought but one Letter of Introduction. I aspired to good company; and took the means to be introduced to it, common to young men in my situation. I became a free-mason; then entered a Troop of Horse; next associated myself to an Eating Club, termed the "*Gorgers*."—Attended balls, parties, gaming tables, the play houses, and became a frequent guest at my invaluable friend Rubicam's. Reading and study confuses the ideas, and impairs the Constitution. I therefore avoided every thing like a *book*, and courted every thing in the shape of a—bottle, or a—woman.—I set up a tandem to carry me an airing and convey me to the Club; and gradually found my bulk to be enlarging.—But I need not be so particular to you, who are so well acquainted with the life of a *bon-vivant*, and a *Dandy*."—I assured him he flattered my wisdom very much; that I was wholly ignorant of the subject he alluded to, and should take vast pleasure in being illuminated.

"It is very simple, indeed, answered Peter. You saw me rise just now from bed. Well, thus we spend the day. A glass of renovation. Then breakfast and dress.—Stroll to the Biliard table; next resort to the Coffee-House. Another glass of renovation. Few men of business have leisure to gape there. We are all Idlers, looking after other people's affairs. Thence we stroll to *Rubicam's*, or *Dupuy's*, for a luncheon, and remain to dinner, if not engaged out. After the luncheon, we promenade Chesnut-street, pay morning visits, coquette with a belle, or make an assignation with the laundress.—Once a week dine with the Club, the "*gorgers*;" sup once a week with the "*blowers*;" and five days out of seven are sure of invitations to dine from good livers."—But your conversation, said I?—

"Is politics and smut, answered Peter. Wit is vapid

without obscenity. Even the ladies connive at it. In fact, I never heard a quality conversation without it. But to return to our course. In the evening, we attend some fashionable place of resort, public or private, no matter which. Afterwards adjourn to Dupuy's, or an Oyster-cellar. Drink deep, and if inspired, sacrifice to that Goddess whom all adore.—Thus you see thinking and reading, are altogether barbarous superfluities to a fashionable idler.—In truth, Courtship has shared no little of my attention, but a certain accident (stooping to whisper it in my ear) has always, I believe got Wind to my mistress, before I could succeed in tying the knot.—How many have you, enquired I?

"Only five, said Peter. This you know is expensive. Hang that, however, I do not care a fig for that, cried he, snapping his fingers. If it was not for my gambling debts, I should be well enough off. But I have come to my last thousand, and the dear girl only laughs at me. But"—here he sighed heavily, which brought on a fit of coughing, that threatened to throw him in convulsions. A glass of renovation was brought by Franc, but it gave him no relief. At length the cough ceased of itself. I looked at him expecting him to resume his discourse. He said nothing, but placed his hand to his head.—We became alarmed. I called him by name repeatedly, still he made no answer. Franc now assisted me in putting him to bed. I ordered thirty ounces of blood to be taken; and after seeing some other remedies in a train for application, I was constrained to leave him in a high brain fever, with but little hopes of his recovery. I am now anxiously looking every moment for a messenger to announce his decease. With profound consideration and respect,

Yours,

MATTHIAS QUIZMAN,
M. D. &c. &c. &c.

A PARTY OF THE PEOPLE.

A POLITICAL society has recently been formed at Boston, for the purpose of obtaining for the *middle* rank of citizens, a just influence in the government of that city; and ultimately, in that of the State. The association comprises all those classes, without distinction of party, which do not come within the *monied aristocracy*; and it is, therefore, properly, a *Party of the People*, in opposition to that of stockjobbers, stockholders, and Bank nabobs. The society, at the first trial of their strength, have been so successful, as to carry their ticket by a considerable majority.—We think so highly of this plan, for maintaining the just influence of the *productive classes* in our political institutions over the aristocratic drones, that we do most earnestly recommend its adoption to the citizens of Philadelphia, without delay. A Meeting of the "*Middleling Interest*," as it is termed, should instantly be called, and the industrious and mechanical portion of the people, invited to assume their "*Equal Rights*," in the nomination of Candidates for office, the organization of Elections, and other matters appertaining to a proper administration of free government. Thus, and thus only, can the influence of the *Monied Aristocracy*, be successfully counteracted by the industrious and productive classes of Republicans.

The Bank of the United States

AND THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

THE keen sagacity, and political foresight of Patrick Henry, have, we fear, made him too true a prophet, in respect to the corrupt combination of the separate powers of the National Government. We have always considered the Bank of the United States, as destined to become the Slayer of American Liberty, unless vigorously opposed by the virtue, good sense, and Patriotism of the people. The very terms of its organization, are inimical to the rights of the citizen, and the purity of the Constitution. But when we come to inspect its *relative* operation upon the Treasury, upon Congress—and again, upon the stockjobbers, the wealthy aristocrats, and all those whose souls are identified with interest and stock—we perceive it to possess a power, too stupendous, whenever exercised in *Elections*, to be compatible with freedom. This fact has even been imprudently avowed, by the very men who devised it. When Alexander Hamilton was called upon to support the Bank by his pen, what was his language? He termed the Bank a *POLITICAL ENGINE OF IMMENSE IMPORTANCE, very dangerous in the hands of a bad government*; and urged this fact, as an argument in favour of its establishment, under what he thought a good government, and good indeed it was, for Washington was at the head of it. But the frailty of man should never be tempted to the abuse of great power: and it is subversive of the first principles of Republicanism, to grant any stretch of authority, which can operate, or be abused to the oppression of the people. In a free government, like ours, immutable and eternal principles are the basis of power, not the opinions, passions, and caprices of men. The subject is simple and plain; and it only requires the attention of the People, to bring it into proper odium and execration.

Mr. Calhoun is well known, to be the Legislative father of this *Political Engine*, (the Bank.) Secretary Dallas in the Cabinet, and Mr. Calhoun, on the floor of Congress, gave it life, power, and energy. Dallas was the Parent, and Calhoun gave it a safe delivery.

Mr. Calhoun is now *Secretary at War*. He is an avowed aspirant for the Presidential Chair. He can command the support of his Aristocratic Bantling, the Bank. He also commands the support of the *Army*. This is what is justly termed, the combination of the *sword and the purse*; or that unity of terror with corruption and bribery, that has proved the bane of all the old governments of Europe, and the destruction of *British* freedom. All who make a stand against this enormous mass of arbitrary and corrupt power, are proscribed by the supporters of Mr. Calhoun, (who *ape* the infamous conduct of *Castlereagh*), as *RADICALS*. The People are thus attempted to be put down by his adherents, as the old Tory Federalists, before thought to crush them, by calling the honest and poor citizens—the *swinish multitude*. But the denunciation recoiled upon their own heads, as we trust the present proscription of the people, under the nick-name of *Radicals*, will likewise. The supporters of Mr. Calhoun's *Royal Bank and Army System*, may be sincere enough in thinking the epithet *Radical* disgraceful; but every *true Democrat* will be of a different opinion. The *Radicals* properly so termed, are the Republican opponents of the de-

bauched and besotted King of England. They constitute the oppressed and virtuous majority of the people of that devoted kingdom. The American citizen, who shall in like manner, oppose the *Bank and Army* system of robbing the people of their Votes for the President, are to be denounced as—*Radicals*—that is, opponents of Corruption, and monarchical systems. For ourselves, we joyfully accept the title, and proclaim ourselves, *confirmed Radicals*.

It has been said, by those who *wait to see* who will be the successful Candidate, before they take a decisive part in the Presidential Election, that nothing which can now be alleged against the Candidates, however true or enormous, ought to affect their characters and pretensions to the Presidency at this *early period*. That this question of power, has been agitated too soon, we admit; but this anticipation of the controversy, cannot surely reverse the immutable principles of truth and virtue. If a Candidate *now* appears to be *no Republican*; no friend to the Constitution; no advocate of equal rights and popular liberty—we should think it would form a reasonable and insuperable objection to him, *at any period hereafter*, however remote. The *Jesuitical* sophistry that attempts to identify public virtue, and political qualifications, with times and seasons, is worthy of the wind-watcher, who has prepared himself, like a fat calf, for an offering upon the shrine of the victor.—If Mr. Adams is now, and always has been an Aristocrat, this vice will form as strong an objection to him three years hence, as now. If Mr. Calhoun has always been an *enemy of Representative* government, and *pure democracy*, the objection against him cannot be removed by the lapse of the period we are yet to pass over, before the Election.—If Mr. Crawford is a man of feeble mind, no talents, and uncertain principles, we presume he cannot invigorate his intellect, however hard he might study, in the interval; for as he has been a teacher himself, he cannot be ignorant of the difficulty of infusing knowledge and wisdom, into a mind originally obtuse and invulnerable.

Disqualification now, therefore, we conceive to be disqualification at any time. And as to the slang of liberality and moderation, held by the canting Jesuits of the day, why, it is but slang, and means nothing beyond the seeming. An affectation of magnanimity, that would exalt a rival, at the expense of a Chief, is a futility that exposes its own emptiness. The *equality of talents and patriotism* in the Candidates, is the *controverted point*. To admit that equality as a first principle, betrays a degree of fatuity, hardly compatible with a sane mind. Those who are distrusted, or despised by the People will attempt to shelter themselves behind this affectation of magnanimity; and thus save their credit by a forced *Neutrality*.

THE MONROE ADMINISTRATION.

It is now three years, since the writer of this article foretold, that the administration of James Monroe, would daily become more unpopular, and more feeble till it eventually fell into universal contempt. Facts have realized that prediction in an extraordinary manner, ever since, and are still daily occurring, to confirm the justness of our estimation of his political character. *The National Advocate* of New-York, once a devout Idolator at the shrine of the second James, has ceased to pour out his adorations, and begins gently, to be sure, to beat his Idol. Numer-

ous other journals pursue the same course, while not *one*, not even the *Court Gazette* at Washington, is heard to applaud him. Thus is the artificial reputation of this weak statesman, falling from him, as the selfishness and devotion of his office-holders lose force, from the circumstance of his *approaching retirement*. To those acquainted with the manner of his election to the Presidency, it is a well known fact, that accident alone promoted him to that station, which never should be disgraced by incompetency, or polluted by an instrument of intrigue: for such an instrument was Mr. Monroe, who was indebted for his elevation to a *compromise* between desperate factions, and that compromise the inconsiderate actors in it, have ever since deplored, as the heaviest of their afflictions, and the very worst of their follies.

We have so often dissected the filmy political character of Mr. Monroe, that the task has become irksome. It is like travelling too often over a *dead flat*; it is fatiguing without profit, and it is now useless, because the extraneous supports of his fame are so fast sliding off, and leaving his inanity visible to every eye.

In his construction of the Constitution, it is absolutely impossible to discover on what rational, or fixed principles he reasons; and we must conclude therefore, that he reasons upon none. A Statesman of his imbecility of mind, who took no part in the Revolution, or in the Federal Convention, or in the present Constitution, should not venture to impugn the lucid and wise, and patriotic expositions of that instrument, made by men of the talents and services of Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Ames, and numerous other luminaries of the best days of the Republic. But happily the constructions of Monroe, are so palpably preposterous, as to render serious reasoning unnecessary to refute them. Their absurdity defeats their own force. They cannot, and never will be entitled to, or receive respect. His denial of the power to make Turnpike roads, and excavate canals, is the most singular stretch of fatuity, recorded of political impotence and infatuation. Such an opinion, by the man who upholds and sanctions, the *resulting power* to create a *National Bank*, from the GENERAL ATTRIBUTES OF SOVEREIGNTY that reside in the Union, is marvellously ridiculous indeed. Why not derive a *resulting power* from *that* to establish a Bank, to form roads and canals, to *come at*, and facilitate travelling to that Bank? This would be a similar principle to that on which the Bank was established, to facilitate the collection of Revenue. If there is a power to make a *monied engine* of this kind, there must be a power to expedite its concerns, and protect its interests; and what can so effectually accomplish this object, as roads and canals? Now this reasoning, is indeed, *simple* enough, but it is far superior in just ratiocination, to the puling sophistry of Mr. Monroe. But let us suppose the Constitution not to authorize roads and canals, under the provision of providing for the general welfare and happiness, and for the common defence. Why not trespass on it, to obtain a *blessing*, as well as to create a *curse*? The Bank is a poisonous cormorant upon the prosperity of the country; but the Bank is *not improper*, nor *unlawful*, because, forsooth, it can be made subservient to the ambition of government, and the intrigues of those Secretary's who pant for the Presidency. If roads and canals are not necessary to provide for the common defence and general welfare, how doltish were the Ro-

mans, how silly are the English, the French, and all the nations of the civilized globe! Under these circumstances Mr. Monroe is surely a Sage and a Patriot!

We could proceed to a tedious length, in the unpleasant task of portraying the weakness of Mr. Monroe, as a statesman and a politician. But we shall content ourselves, by a bare allusion to an extraordinary fact, which speaks more against him, than volumes of reasoning. *He is held in no respect by his Cabinet or by Congress!* By his office-holders, or by the People! Discord and contention, rage within the bosom of his political family, to a degree never before known. The rivalry of his Cabinet for the next Presidency, has paralyzed the motions of government, and even prostituted Congress to become the panders of the Secretaries. Now this, we aver, never could be, under the administration of a President, endowed with genius, energy, and decision of character. It is a trait altogether characteristic of a feeble and sickly administration, despised by its opponents, and held in contempt by its professed supporters, who very often prove its most potent adversaries.—At the time we predicted the unpopularity into which the administration of James Monroe was inevitably destined to fall, from the inherent weakness of all its elements, we applied this quotation from the Poet to his *political old age*, and we now repeat it, in the fullest assurance that he will more than realize all its colouring.

—“My May of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny.

THE CLOVEN FOOT

Of English Federalism, has at last fully exposed itself, through that very cunning champion of aristocracy, and organ of the Stockholders, the *National Gazette*. We have all along believed, that the mask of Republicanism worn by the deep and shrewd editor of that paper, was but a shallow device, to enable him to write the *Federalists into power*, under an abandonment of their old party name. That object is now no longer kept a secret. The *National Gazette* has boldly proclaimed this to be its sole object. Let the People attend to this cunning disclosure in the words of the Editor himself, and say, whether they are prepared again to come under the Tyranny of *English Politics*, under the disguise of *high handed federalism*, nicknamed Republicanism, in order to gull and deceive the People.—The Editor of that *Federal Journal*, has taken occasion to avail himself of the late accusation preferred against Mr. Jefferson, to come out in favour of his old party, under a profusion of the most fulsome and hollow professions of respect and admiration for that gentleman, once, and not very long since, the marked object of his slander and malignity.—The sudden changes of the political complexion of the Editor of that paper, would have been a subject for speculation and wonder, previous to this wise acknowledgement of the object of his *masquerade*; to wit: to elevate the *Federalists to power*, and in turn to proscribe the Democrats. It will be seen, from the following extract from the reasonings and calculations, of this *secret champion* of fallen Federalism, that his griefs for the charge brought against Mr. Jefferson proceed entirely from the fear, lest this scheme of his party to rise to power, should prove abortive—and that they will still be doomed to the obscure passiveness of an ambitious minority, pining in misery and hopelessness for the domination of the country. This is the sonorous key, that has been so suddenly struck in the bosom of the Editor of the *National Gazette* by the papers of the Native of Virginia, who it seems, is one of the *secret conspirators*, whose object is the prostration and ruin of Democracy, by means of slander and insinuation.—The bareface attempt of the Editor of the *National Gazette*, to force the old friends and disciples of John Adams upon them, we hope ardently and sincerely, will be met in every quarter, by the united opposition of the Democratic Editors. The times are fraught with peril to our party, when so bold and audacious a scheme, is publicly promulgated, as the sure means of our subjugation, and the triumph of our Federal opponents.—For the present, then, we leave the subject, with a full determination to resume it, in our ensuing number, in a spirit worthy of its great impor-

—Alluding to the accusation of the Native of Virginia against Mr. Jefferson, the *National Gazette* thus cunningly plans the future exaltation of the Federal party.

“He (the Native) would now take vengeance for the fate of the party with which he was connected, and perhaps also for personal griefs experienced as a member of it; and, possibly, he and some of those who industriously circulate his writings, think it practicable to produce a general re-action in favour of Federalism, by persuading the people that the Republican administration, so called, has been but a game of rapine and embezzlement. We augur no success to this enterprise, pursued as it is with misrepresentation, and trust that it will not be countenanced by the Federalists generally, for their own sake. They cannot, as such, regain the ascendancy in the general government, nor, as we believe, retain it long in any of the States. But the unjust proscription to which they have been subjected—the intolerance which their victorious antagonists have felt and exercised towards them, may be relaxed, if not wholly destroyed. The more enlightened, moderate, and disinterested of the Democratic party, acknowledge the injustice and public disadvantage of persevering in the old invidious distinctions in the choice of public servants, and the estimation of political merits. Popular opinion, as it has been modified of late years, hardly sustains those distinctions:—the next President will not be able nor inclined to consult them, should he be elected upon the principles and calculations which now seem likely to prevail in the question.

“Such a result will be fortunate for the country, and is, doubtless, separately desirable for the mass of Federalists. The whole fund of the talent, knowledge, patriotism, and integrity of the nation will then be open for the service and illustration of the state—the individuals of the party, before hopelessly precluded from the attainment of public honours and trusts, will see the political career re-opened to them, and have an equal incentive to the cultivation of their faculties for eminence and usefulness in that career.—If there be one particular object of pleasure and duty which a candidate for the next Presidency should have in view above others, it is that of destroying in practice, the very memory of the old artificial barriers to office and public favour.—of placing upon a level, all those who have, in reality, equal pretensions to the character of sound American politicians and good citizens—who have an equal stake in the common weal, and can assert an equal capacity for advancing it in the different branches of its administration.

“But this natural and happy consummation, the course of the writer above mentioned and his coadjutors has a direct tendency to retard or altogether prevent. When federalists are found to labour anew in concert, or seem to countenance old members of their party in labouring singly, for the purpose of blasting the character of all the men to whom the Democrats have given their esteem and affections, and committed the management of the national concerns—the animosities and prejudices of the latter must revive in all their force—fresh and almost irresistible means must be thus created for the demagogues who would perpetuate the former system of jealousy, hatred and proscription, as necessary to the continuance of their prosperity. A new and common outcry among those demagogues, and a new excitement among the people at large, against the Federalists—a fresh impression that these in general, are inveterate and incurable in their antipathies and resentments, might be sufficient to disable the next President and other successful statesmen of enlarged and elevated minds, from accomplishing what we have represented as eminently a proper object of his ambition. We believe that while the Federalists proceed with the moderation and good temper which they have exhibited of late years—while they avoid playing into the hands of the demagogues on the other side—no excitement nor impression, such as we have just indicated, can be revived against them, among the people, and that they must assuredly be restored to the rights which spring from equal moral and intellectual fitness for office. In making the preceding observations, we have not meant to insinuate that they have approved of the efforts and designs, or caught the spirit, of the essayist in question—the “Native of Virginia.” On the contrary, we believe that the reverse may be affirmed as to the majority of them—they discriminate between his scheme and mode of accusation and that kind of honest and patriotic endeavour to detect malversation and fraud, and secure the people from the abuse of their confidence, which all good citizens will ever be ready to commend and assist.—There is scarcely one with whom we have communed on this head, who does not censure and regret the manner in which Mr. Jefferson was dragged to the bar of the public, upon an ignominious charge which he has shown to be false.”

A more flimsy and short-sighted paragraph than this, we think every man will agree, was certainly never penned by a champion, who strives to favour the ambitious views of his poor, proscribed and persecuted party. We leave it now however to speak for itself, feeling, as we do, thoroughly convinced, that no comments could assist its folly, in exposing its weak parts, and causing it to be properly appreciated, by the whole Democratic party, who emphatically constitute the American People.